

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND EXNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 20s. PER ANNUM,

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

VOL. 53—No. 14.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1875.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 3rd, "UN BALLO IN MASCHERA." Amelia, Mlle D'Angeri; and Il Duca, Signor De Sanctis (his first appearance in England). Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

On MONDAY next, April 5th, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO." Alice, Madame Vilda; and Roberto, Signor Marini. Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

On TUESDAY next, April 6th, "NORMA." Norma, Madame Vilda; Adalgisa, Mlle Smerewski; and Pollione, Signor Pavani. Conductor—Signor Ravignani.

On THURSDAY next, April 8th, "L'AFRICAIN." Selika, Mlle D'Angeri; Nelusko, Signor Graziani; and Vasco di Gama, Signor Naudin. Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

On SATURDAY, April 10th, "DON GIOVANNI." Zerlina, Mlle Zari Thalberg (her first appearance on any stage); and Don Giovanni, M. Maurel. Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY. The Programme will include: Overture, *Don Giovanni* (Mozart); Concerto for violin (Macfarren), first time at these Concerts; Concert Overture, "The Hebrides" (Mendelssohn); Symphony, No. 5, in C minor (Beethoven). Vocalists—Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Vernon Rigby. Violin Solo—Mr Carrodus. Conductor—Mr MANN. Numbered stalls, Half-a-Crown. Admission, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

FRIDAY NEXT.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY next, April 9, HANDEL'S "ISRAEL IN EGYPT." Madame Cornant, Mrs Suter, Madame Fatey; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr M. Smith, Signor Foli, Mr Lewis Thomas. Tickets, 3s., 2s., 10s. 6d., at 5, Exeter Hall.

DR HANS VON BÜLOW will give TWO FAREWELL PIANOFORTE RECITALS (previous to his departure for America), at ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Afternoons, April 7 and 14, 1875, to commence at Three o'clock precisely each day. Programme of First Recital (Wednesday) Afternoon next, April 7, 1875, from the works of Frederic Chopin: Troisième Grande Sonate in B minor, Op. 58; Variations Brillantes, Op. 12; Notturmo, Op. 37, No. 2 (by desire); Ballade in G minor, Op. 23; Prelude (No. 13), from Op. 29; Impromptu in F sharp, Op. 36 (by desire); Scherzo (No. 4) in E, Op. 54; Trois Valses, Op. 34; Allegro de Concert, Op. 46; Trois Mazourkas, Op. 59; Tarentella, Op. 43; Berceuse, Op. 37 (by desire); Polonaise, Op. 53. Sofa stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 3s.; admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be obtained of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street; Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall, Piccadilly; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Instituted 1822. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

Under the immediate Patronage of
Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES.
Her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES.
His Royal Highness the Duke of EDINBURGH.
Her Royal Highness the Princess CHRISTIAN.
His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of TECK.
His Serene Highness the Duke of TECK.
and
His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.

President.—The Right Hon. The Earl of DUDLEY.

Principal.—Professor MACFARREN.

The next PUBLIC REHEARSAL, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on THURSDAY Morning, the 8th inst., at Two o'clock.

The Programme will be selected from the Works of the late Sir STERNDAL BENNETT, and include the Sacred Cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*, the Symphony in G minor, and portions of the Pianoforte Concertos in C minor and F minor. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN.

Admission, One Shilling. Tickets, 2s. 6d. and 5s.; to be obtained at the Institution; and at St James's Hall.

Royal Academy of Music,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square,
By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THE Nobility, Gentry, and Patrons of the Opera are informed that the SEASON of 1875 will Commence on SATURDAY next, April 10. Applications for the Prospectus of the arrangements for the Season, also for Subscriptions, to be made to Mr Mitchell, Mr Bubb, Mr Olivier, Messrs Lacon & Oller, and Messrs Chappell, Bond Street; Mr A. Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; Messrs Harrison, St James's Street; Messrs Keith and Prowse, Cheap-side; Mr S. Hayes, 199, Regent Street; and to Mr Bailey, at the Box Office of Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane (under the portico of the Theatre in Brydges Street).

ONE HUNDREDTH AND SEVENTH NIGHT OF "LES PRES ST GERVAIS."

CRITERION THEATRE, Regent Circus. — Sole Proprietors and Responsible Managers, SPIERS & POND.—EVERY EVENING at Eight, "LES PRES SAINT GERVAIS," new Comic Opera in English, by CHARLES LECOCQ. Adapted by R. REEKS, and produced under the direction of Mrs W. H. LISTON. Conductor—Mr F. STANISLAUS. The Opera commences at Eight, and is over by Eleven o'clock. The Free List is suspended. Mesdames Pauline Rita, Florence Hunter, Lillian Adair, Emily Thorn, and Rose Keene. Messrs A. Brenner, Perrini, Loredan, Connell, Hogan, Grantham, J. Manning. Private boxes from £1 1s. to £3 3s.; stalls, 7s. 6d.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes (bonnets allowed), 5s.; pit, 2s.; amphitheatre, 1s. To be obtained at the Box Office of the Criterion. A Morning Performance every Saturday at Two o'clock. Acting Manager—Mr EDWARD MURRAY.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR FOGDEN will sing Mr WILFORD MORGAN's popular Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Mrs Francis Howell's Grand Evening Concert, at Westerham, on Thursday next.

MISS PURDY has made arrangements to visit Brighton, professionally, every Saturday. For Concerts, Engagements, Evening Parties, or for Lessons in Singing, address to Miss PURDY's residence, 35, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

Published Quarterly, price 2s. 6d.

THE NEW Quarterly Magazine.

CONTENTS.

1. ALLOTMENT GARDENS. By RICHARD JEFFERIES.
2. THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN CHAUCER. By the Rev. T. H. L. LEARY, D.C.L.
3. THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY. A Novel. By JOHN DANGERFIELD, Author of "Grace Tolmar," &c.
4. TROUT FISHING. By ARCHIBALD BANKS.
5. RICHARD WAGNER AND HIS "RING OF THE NIBLUNG." By F. HUEFFER.
6. ONLY AN EPISODE. A Tale. By Mrs CASHEL HORY, Author of "The Blossoming of an Aloe," &c.
7. THE MORAL AND LEGAL ASPECTS OF VIVISECTION, By FRANCES POWER COBBE.
8. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. By ROBERT BUCHANAN, Author of "White Rose and Red," &c.

LONDON:
WARD, LOCK, & TYLER,
WARWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDME PATEY.—CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

MADAME PATEY requests that all letters may be addressed to her new residence—24, St Stephen's Square, Westbourne Park, W.

HERR CONRAD BEHRENS.—All applications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios and Concerts, to be addressed to Mr BROADBENT, 1, Pall Mall, S.W., London.

MR ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Basso) begs to announce his Return to Town; and requests that all letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS may be addressed, 5, Chapel Place, Cavendish Square, W.

"SERAPHAEL" (Master HENRY WALKER), the celebrated Boy Pianist—Bronze and Silver Medallist, Royal Academy of Music, London—will return from America early in April. All communications to be addressed—15, White Rock, Hastings.

ON VIEW.

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

Painted by JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

Engraving by T. OLDHAM BARLOW, A.R.A.

This Picture is NOW ON VIEW at the Publisher's.

EDWARD S. PALMER, 30, GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON, W.

GEMME D'ANTICHITA.

RACCOLTA DI PEZZI VOCALI.

COMPOSTI DAI PIU' CELEBRI

MAESTRI ANTICHI.

This unique Work has been carefully revised, and is now re-issuing in 2° Numbers, selected from the most esteemed Works of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Spohr, Stradella, Scarlatti, Mozart, Pergolesi, Paisiello, Carissimi, Cimarosa, &c., &c. Edited by Lady Thompson, Macfarren, Wilhelm Ganz, Adolphe Ganz, Calcott, Lucas, Molière, Perugini, &c. The whole carefully revised and edited by JOSIAH PITTMAN. Lists Gratis.

C. LONSDALE'S

Musical Circulating Library,

26, OLD BOND STREET, W.

REGINA CÆLI.

MOTETT FOR FOUR EQUAL VOICES.

With ORGAN Accompaniment (and HARP *ad lib.*).

Composed by WILHELM SCHULTHES.

Price 6s.

London: NOVELLO, EWER & Co., 1, Berners Street.

N.B.—A Vocal arrangement of the above is also published, for a choir of mixed voices. Price 2s.

Just Published.

"L'ORPHELINE ET L'ANGE."

ROMANCE.

Composed by ALEXANDER REICHARDT.

SUNG BY MDLLE CARLOTTA PATTI.

A peine ai-je vu le printemps
Convaincre dix fois de leur feuillage
Les vieux saules de nos étangs,
Que, sans pitié pour mon jeune âge,
Dieu m'a ravi le guide aimé
Qui me prodiguait ses tendresses!
Je pleure son regard charmé!
Je ne reçois plus ses caresses!

Ainsi parlait, en gémissant,
Une orpheline désolée;
Mais un bel ange, l'embrassant,
Lui dit, d'une voix inspirée:
"Ne pleure plus et sois ma sœur
Ma mère sera notre mère,
Et tu verras que du bonheur
Il en est encore sur la terre!"

Price 4s.

London: B. MILLS & SONS, New Bond Street.

HORACE'S ODE "TO CHLOE."

Music by CHARLES SALAMAN.

LATIN TEXT AND LORD LYTON'S ENGLISH VERSION.

For Tenor and Baritone, in F and G.

2s. each, *net*.

CRAMER & Co., Regent Street; and LAMBORN COCK & Co., New Bond Street.

**BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,
PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS,
LYON & HALL,
WARWICK MANSION.**

BRINLEY RICHARDS' ORIGINAL MUSIC for the

PIANOFORTE:—

Evening: Nocturne. 3s. Albert Edward March. 3s.
Moonlight: A Serenade. 3s. The Fairies' Dance. 3s.
Warblings at Eve, Noon, and Dawn. 3s. God Bless the Prince of Wales. 4s.
Each 4s. La Vivandière. 3s.
Let the Hills Resound. 4s.

All at half price, post free in stamps.

London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street; and of all Music-sellers.

SCHOTT & CO.'S

NEW CATALOGUE OF

MUSIC FOR THE VIOLIN.

May be had, on application, post free.

LONDON: 159, REGENT STREET.

Just Published.

GUGLIELMO'S LAST BALLAD.

"WERT THOU WITH ME."

The Words by GEORGE LINLEY.

The Music by P. D. GUGLIELMO.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

WILFORD MORGAN'S SONGS.

HER I LOVE 4s.
COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE 4s.
MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY 4s.
SWEET EVENING AIR 4s.
(N.B.—The above Songs have been sung with distinguished
success by Mr WILFORD MORGAN.)

LITTLE BIRDIE, SING TO ME 4s.
(Sung by Miss EDITH WYNNE.)

ANTHEM.

IF THOU WILT FORGET ME (THE 13TH PSALM) 4s.
(For Tenor or Soprano Solo, with Chorus *ad lib.*, as sung at the
Temple Church. Composed by WILFORD MORGAN.)

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

Just Published.

() **CARE TENEBRE.** Duetto. Composed by J. P. GOLDBERG. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"DREAM ON,"

SONG.

Words and Music by ERNEST HOUGHTON.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"CUPID'S APPEAL,"

BALLAD.

And the Sequel.

"MARRIAGE BELLS,"

SONG.

Price 3s. each.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Two Sacred Duets (Just Published) by HENRY SMART.

"SUMMER OF THE SILENT HEART,"

AND

"BEYOND THE HILLS,"

SACRED DUETS

For Soprano and Contralto.

Composed by HENRY SMART.

Price 4s. each.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

TWO DUETS

FOR

TWO PERFORMERS ON ONE PIANOFORTE.

No. 1, DUET IN G. No. 2, DUET IN F MINOR.

Price 3s. each.

Composed by HEINRICH STIEHL.

(Op. 73.)

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

ANTONIO SALEIRI.

(Continued from page 195.)

Let us now return, after this digression, to our interrupted narrative. In February, 1786, Mozart and Salieri actually confronted each other as rivals. The Emperor had ordered two short musical pieces (*Singspiele*), for a party he intended giving at Schönbrunn to the Governor of the Netherlands. Mozart had to set the German piece *Der Schauspielführer*, while the Italian piece, *Prima la Musica*, was assigned to Salieri. The text of the latter work is witty and full of little genial traits, written by the clever Abbate Casti: Mozart's libretto, by an unknown author, is frightfully rapid. A dispute between two singers, each of whom asserts himself better than the other, constitutes its whole purport. Yet this little work, consisting of only four numbers, is, even at the present day, acknowledged to be a charming score, while Salieri's *Prima la Musica* has long been consigned to oblivion. Salieri, indeed, was probably indebted for most of his brilliant successes to the partiality of Joseph II., with whom he was a decided favourite, while Mozart had to rely entirely on himself, and could only make his way slowly and with difficulty, though, when he did so, it was for ever.

In the same year, Mozart again entered the lists against Salieri, to whom there was now added a Spaniard, Martini. Salieri appeared with his *Grotta di Trofonio* (words by Casti), already performed in 1785; Martini with his *Cosa rara*, an unutterably shallow creation of which Da Ponte wrote the words; and, on the other side, Mozart with his immortal *Figaro*. *La Grotta* and the *Cosa rara* were extolled *alle stelle*, while, on the first night, *Figaro* was a complete failure. And here Salieri's injurious influence is no longer to be denied—for which reason Herr von Mosel passes the whole of the sad story over in silence.

Before the performance, Mozart, Sen., writing to his daughter says: "On the 28th April, *Le Nozze di Figaro* will be played for the first time. There is a great chance of its not succeeding, for I know that it has surprising cabals to fight against. Salieri with his whole party will again attempt to move heaven and earth. Duschek said to me recently that your brother was the object of so many cabals, because he was held in such great esteem on account of his especial talent and skilfulness."

And so it was. Salieri patronised the unimportant, but supple and flexible Martini, who could never become dangerous to him. But of Mozart he was afraid. He then thought what, after Mozart's early death, he undisguisedly said: "It is good, perhaps that it has so happened—had he" (Mozart) "lived longer, he would have brought us all into discredit."

As Salieri thought, so thought, also, his subordinates; so thought singers and members of the orchestra. To this must be added the fact that Martini's music was easy and catching, so that people could whistle and hum it if they chose as they went home—which, as we know, is not the case with *Le Nozze*. Thus, when Mozart confided his work to the company, who were emphatically hostile to him, from the director-in-chief down to the last member of the chorus, he was delivering himself up into the hands of his executioners. What could not help happening did happen. Despite a sharp reprimand from the Emperor, the piece was so shamefully performed that it necessarily failed. And it was a long time before it recovered from this failure. In Prague, on the contrary, it excited a *furore* from the very outset, as did subsequently *Don Juan* in a still higher degree.

With regard, however, to *La Grotta di Trofonio*, it is unconditionally the best of Salieri's comic operas, though what Herr von Mosel says about it strikes us as another piece of exaggeration. He names it not only Salieri's best, but one of the first operas of its kind—in fact, he considers it simply classical. Let us rather hear the opinion Da Ponte pronounces on it. His views and impartial praise are the more deserving of respect, because, as we have seen, he by no means belonged to Salieri's friends and unconditional admirers. "At this time he" (Casti) "wrote *La Grotta di Trofonio*, the second act of which left much to be desired as far as regards art, since it is merely a repetition of the first, and thus completely nullifies the effect. The music (by Salieri) was very fine."

We mentioned above *Don Juan*. This opera of operas had in Vienna to contend with far greater difficulties than even *Le Nozze*. The latter saw arrayed against it only a couple of weak musical

trifles, whose worthlessness was in time made manifest—but there was, at least momentarily, danger for *Don Juan*, with its baroque libretto, in contending against Salieri's acknowledged masterpiece, *Azur, King of Ormus*. *Azur* was Joseph II.'s favourite opera. Of *Don Juan* the Emperor said: "That is no morsel for my Viennese." Besides, according to a remark addressed to Da Ponte, he considered that Mozart was by no means a composer of vocal music. And so it was unavoidable that though, when properly performed, it excited in Prague the greatest enthusiasm, *Don Juan*, badly put upon the stage, and still worse sung and acted, should be completely thrown in the shade by Salieri's *Azur*, which was founded upon an admirable libretto.

Azur, like *Le Nozze*, taken from a drama by Beaumarchais, was first set to French words, under the title of *Tarare*, and produced at the Grand Opera. On his return from Paris, Salieri received the commands of the Emperor to arrange *Tarare* for the Italian company at Vienna. Hence arose the opera of *Azur*, which differs in the text, and still more in the music, from the French *Tarare*. Concerning the mode of the transformation Salieri himself speaks as follows in his diary: "At first we" (Da Ponte and he) "intended to make, in obedience to the commands I had received, merely a translation to be fitted to the existing music. With this object we met, therefore, every morning for three or four days, and worked together. We did so without much pleasure, since we could not feel convinced of obtaining a good result for our pains. The music, written for French singing actors, was too poor in song for Italian play-acting singers. Moreover, when the poet was contented with his verses, the music—to speak like Gluck—tasted a great deal too much of translation. And when, to satisfy my ear, the words were fitted to the existing music, Da Ponte was displeased with his lines. Fearing, therefore, that we both might labour in vain, I determined rather to compose new music to the given subject. I begged the poet, consequently, to sketch out, upon the basis of the French original, a new plot of the story, adapted to the Italian Opera Company, and to distribute, in conjunction with me, the vocal pieces, but otherwise to write the verses as he pleased, I charging myself with the rest of the business."

JOSEPH SEILER.

(To be continued.)

WAGNER AND LISZT AT PESTH.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Liszt-Wagner Concert has taken place. The large hall of the Redoute was crowded, with the exception of the first circle, the public considering that, in these times, twenty florins was rather too much for a seat. The hall wore a festive appearance. The conductor's desk in front of the platform looked as though growing out of a thicket of laurels. After the opening piece ("Die Glocken von Strassburg"), the said thicket was in danger of being stripped of its foliage, for the lady members of the Liszt Association each rushed up to carry away some leaves as a souvenir. Wagner, however, on appearing at the desk, had some amends made him in the shape of a laurel wreath, presented, with a brief address, by Herr Edmund Mihailovitz, in the name of the Wagner Association. His three pieces—*Schmiedelieder*, *Siegfried's Tod*, *Wotan's Abschied und Feuerzauber*—did not strike the general public forcibly, being applauded by the "Wagner Party" alone. The Liszt Association loaded their hero—who played also Beethoven's E flat Concerto—with greater marks of honour than anyone else. Herr Richter conducted the pianoforte concerto; played violin during the *Schmiedelieder*, and drums in *Siegfried's Tod*. Wagner left the same evening—in a bad humour, it is said, declining to attend a banquet which was to have been given in his honour.

BRUSSELS.—The event, to which the patrons of the Théâtre de la Monnaie have so anxiously looked forward, has at last come off. *La Reine de Chypre* has been produced, with a *mise-en-scène* which surprised everyone; but then the city of Brussels paid the bill. Mlle Salla, Catarina; M. Devoyod, Lusignan; M. Warot, Gérard de Courcy; M. Echetto, Andrea; and M. Laurent, Moncenigo, acquitted themselves creditably, as did also the orchestra and chorus. M. Campocasso's season is fast waning, and *Le Nozze* is no longer underlined.—Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* has been performed, a short time since, under the direction of M. Govaert, most of the solo singers being pupils of the Royal Conservatory.

Münch.

Neither the doings of Herr Wagner nor the sayings of his disciples have of late been of a kind to inspire confidence in the movement of which he is the most recent instigator. We say the most recent, because no better illustration of the proverb, "There is no new thing under the sun," could be presented than this same movement which has been made four several times during the short lifetime of modern music. The Florentine Academy in the first years of the seventeenth century, Lully and his disciples towards the end of it, Gluck about the middle of the last century, and Meyerbeer in our own time, were all actuated by the same intent, namely, to limit the office of music, in the drama, at least, to the giving point to words and meaning to action. And with one exception they were ready to attain this end by an entire sacrifice of musical form and a general disregard of the principles of musical science, so far as they were acquainted with them. The one exception was Meyerbeer, a man having too thorough an acquaintance with his art as well as with human nature to believe that any permanent hold on the latter could be attained by a partial or imperfect use of the former. Like Wagner, Meyerbeer was a *doctrinaire*, but he never allowed himself to be overruled by his doctrines; he was able as well as willing to temper their administration by expediency.

Of the musical science of Herr Wagner it is difficult to form anything like an accurate estimate. His claims to the admiration of his disciples, possibly more Wagnerian than himself, avowedly consist in a remorseless sacrifice of melody, form, and development to the exigencies of dramatic action. The object of art is not, with the Wagnerians, idealization, nor are its means selection or arrangement. It consists in the presentation of things, if not in the higgledy-piggledy way in which they happen—for so they would be unintelligible as well as unlovely—with no more organization than is absolutely necessary to their being understood. Whether Herr Wagner exercises in his works a self-denial of which there is no precedent in history, and voluntarily eschews the means by which the few musicians whom the world has yet accepted as great have achieved greatness; whether he has ascertained by experiment that musical ideas pure and original do not come at every man's bidding; or whether he has never undergone the training without which no musical idea can be followed out to its utmost consequences, we know not, probably never shall know. We have assisted at more than one performance of two of Herr Wagner's earlier operas, and we thought we recognized in them evidences of musical power which, developed through a well-directed course of exercise, might have made him at least an interesting operatic composer. But the mention of these works, we found, was interdicted by his followers. They received our praises with sickly smiles, indicative of contempt not merely for our judgment—which was to be expected—but for the works themselves, which was not. They were nursery lisplings, we were informed, attempts at peregrination in a go-cart, &c., &c. It has never been our good fortune to assist at an adequate presentation of one of Herr Wagner's later operas; indeed, we have our doubts whether one that would quite satisfy his disciples is possible on this planet. We have been told in respect to some, on which we believed every mundane resource had been brought to bear by graduates in the Wagnerian mysteries, that the moral consciousness of the tenor was unequal to the embodiment of the Wagnerian idea; that the psychological affinities of the third and fourth horns were not sufficiently close; or—which was better adapted to our comprehension—that one of the second violins had stopped out of tune in an important passage; or that the artist entrusted with the *grosse caisse* was suffering from a strain in the wrist brought on by over-exertion at rehearsal. But with two of Herr Wagner's later works we have made personal acquaintance through the only means available to us—the study of his scores. We do not question the possibility, or the fact—for it rests on irrefragable evidence—that the notes which fill page after page of *Lohengrin* and the *Meistersinger* set off to great advantage the words and the action of a drama interesting to any cultivated audience and most interesting to a native one. But to regard these notes, save in rare instances, as making anything that musicians—and with them mankind in general—have hitherto agreed to call music, is impossible. Shrieks, groans, sobs, huzzas, cheers, cachinnations, and the like, are "of the nature of" poetry, for they direct emanations

from the human heart, but they are not of themselves poetry, nor do they constitute more than a small and insignificant element of it. So abrupt transitions, phrases the tonality in which changes with every progression, sudden changes of intensity, abnormal uses of particular instruments, are "of the nature of," but do not constitute music. If it could be shown that dramatic effect was only attainable through an entire sacrifice of musical form, even that sacrifice, enormous as it would be, might be worthy of consideration; so noble are the ends and aims of dramatic effect. But we deny that anything of the sort has been shown. Three operas were there (Cherubini's, of course), none others existent—*Don Giovanni*, *Medea*, and *Fidelio*—are standing proofs to the contrary. All that has been proved yet is, that Herr Wagner has not succeeded in combining in a dramatic or other work all those elements, the combination of which so eminently characterizes the masterpieces of Mozart, Cherubini, and Beethoven.

Meanwhile the latest movement, or "move," of Herr Wagner and his disciples is the dedication of a temple to himself.

J. J.

BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Italian operatic company, under the management of Mad. Artôt, have brought their engagement to a close with a repetition of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. Their visit has not been very successful.

The Intendant-General, Herr von Hülsen, has accepted a new opera, *Das goldene Kreuz*, by Herr Ignaz Brüll, of Vienna.

No less than three Vocal Associations announced Graun's *Der Tod Jesu*, for Passion Week.

Mlle Fanny Warburg, a pianist just eighteen, produced a favourable impression at the third Subscription Concert of the Ladies' Association for the benefit of the Gustavus Adolphus Foundation.

Handel's *Semele* (first time here) was the attraction at the second concert of the St Cecilia Association. The performance was decidedly successful, and reflected credit on solo singers, chorus, orchestra, and, last not least, conductor, Herr Holländer.

Wagner intends giving a concert, at some date to be hereafter fixed, the programme to consist of fragments from his *Götterdämmerung*. The prices of admission are low, so that the "people," also, may be able to contribute their contingent towards the "National" enterprise at Bayreuth.

J. S. BACH AT ST ANNE'S.

Later in the day (Good Friday) a most interesting service, attended by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, took place in St Anne's, Soho—a church long famous on account of bold attempts to extend the resources and improve the character of worship music. Few will require to be told that the organist and choir-master of St Anne's is Mr Barnby, or that, under his direction, for several years past, a Bach *Passion* has been performed during Lent, with soloists, band, and chorus. This year Mr Barnby's choice fell upon another work by the old German composer, one of his very numerous sacred cantatas. In that known as "God's time is the best," the genius of Bach shines strongly, and Mr Barnby could have made no better selection, nor one more fitted to awaken interest on religious and artistic grounds. The conditions of performance have been throughout Lent, and were yesterday (when the anthem included a copious selection from the *Passion of St John*), everything that a fastidious taste could desire. Efficient soloists, a numerous and well-trained choir, with an adequate force of instruments, rendered the old master's music admirably—Mr Barnby directing, and Mr J. Coward presiding at the organ. Much might be said about the repeated attempts at St Anne's to give Church music the highest æsthetic importance; but at present it is enough to point to the crowds who attend the Lenten services, and yesterday might have filled the church twice over. That no good is done by such consecration of highest genius to highest purpose few will venture to assert; and it is beyond all question that the Good Friday services at St Anne's were exceeded in interest by none.—*Daily Telegraph*, March 27.

MR GYE'S PROSPECTUS FOR 1875.

(From the "Times.")

Mr Gye's prospectus describes, with scarcely a word of comment, his arrangements for the season, the operas which, circumstances allowing, he is desirous of presenting, and the artists engaged to support them. He simply indicates the repertory of no less than forty-seven works—three by Mozart, five by Rossini, seven by Donizetti, three by Bellini, six by Meyerbeer, seven by Verdi, four by Auber, two by Gounod, and one each by Cimarosa, Gluck, Beethoven, Weber, Ambroise Thomas, Flotow, Ricci, Campana, Gomez, and Poniatowski—all of which are ready for immediate use, and from which, as a matter of course, he will have to select freely. Added to these, four others are named, "three at least" among which are positively promised. Two of them—*Romeo e Giulietta* and *Semiramide*—are not exactly "novelties," both being found in the catalogue of the standard "forty-seven." The revival of M. Gounod's poetical work, after six or seven years' lying by, will afford unanimous satisfaction, both on account of its abstract merits and those of Madame Adelina Patti's *Giulietta*—an impersonation not easy to forget. Signor Nicolini, too, it is thought, may prove as acceptable a *Romeo* as just now could easily be met with. *Semiramide*, which has not been witnessed at the Royal Italian Opera for a lengthened period, is, we may venture to guess, chosen for the sole purpose of providing Madame Vilda with a fresh character adapted to her voice and peculiar idiosyncrasy. The cast is to be strengthened by the co-operation of M. Faure, upon whom devolves the part of Asur, the florid music of which, it might be thought, would hardly suit the vocal means of that popular and cultivated artist. The other operas to which paragraphs apart are awarded cannot fail to excite general interest. *Le Pré aux Clercs*, the last finished work of the French musician, Hérold (1832), is by no means so familiar among us as *Zampa*, its predecessor by a year—the vogue of which, nevertheless, in the composer's native country, it equalled, if not surpassed. The *Pré aux Clercs* was made known to London in the olden time through the medium of an English version, under the title of *The Challenge*, and years subsequently through the French original—but never before in Italian. The distribution of characters at Covent Garden, we are informed, "is not yet determined on;" so that admirers of French lyric drama after the *opéra comique* type must refrain from being over-sanguine about its actually appearing this year. Still, as an Italian adaptation, with the necessary accompanied recitatives, &c., is in existence, and has been used on the further side of the Alps, difficulties may be smoothed away. The feature, however, of the Covent Garden prospectus which provokes the most wide-spread curiosity is neither *Romeo* nor the *Pré aux Clercs*, but unquestionably the more than once promised *Lohengrin*, about the production of which this time there cannot be a reasonable doubt, so explicit are the terms of the announcement. The opera of Wagner "has been a considerable time in preparation," and will be given, "with new scenery, costumes, and decorations, early in the season." It does, indeed, seem strange to many that, while *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* are heard frequently, not alone in the chief cities of the country in which their composer first saw the light, but (to say nothing of Paris, where both *Tannhäuser* and *Rienzi* have been given, with what success is beside the question) in the United States, and even Italy, neither the one nor the other should ever have been introduced to the English public—a public which, if nothing else, is always open to be attracted by what is original and new. The *Fliegende Holländer*, produced at Drury Lane Theatre during the well-remembered management of Mr George Wood, under the direction of Signor Arditi, with Mdlle Ilma di Murska and Mr Santley in the leading parts, though too late in the season for the usual opera-going public, made so lively an impression as to cause general regret that it had not been brought out earlier. The "cast" of *Lohengrin* at Covent Garden—unlike that of Hérold's opera, already "determined on"—includes Mdlle Albani (Elsa), Mdlle d'Angeri (Ortrud), Signor Nicolini (*Lohengrin*), Mdlle Proch, M. Maurel, Signor Bagagiolo, &c. So that, if anticipation is not balked, instead of being announced at two Italian Operas and given at neither, *Lohengrin* will this year, in all probability, have not only been announced, but actually given, at both. Some enthusiastic admirers of Wagner would have preferred hearing *Tannhäuser* at one house and *Lohengrin* at the other; but the millennium must not be looked for in a day.

In Mr Gye's list of engagements we meet with the names of nearly all the favourites of recent years—some of whom have been referred to as taking various parts in the proposed "novelties." The others, as they successively come forward, will doubtless be welcome as of old. The company is strong in every department; and if the advertised new-comers, all or any of them, equal expectation, it will be so much more to the good. There has been a great deal of talk about Mdlle Zaré Thalberg, who is very young, and will make her

first appearance on the stage. If she does credit to the name she bears, none will have reason to complain. Mdlle Proch, a daughter, we understand, of the well-known German composer of that name, Signor Tamigno, a tenor who has been lately playing at Venice in Signor Schira's successful opera, *Selvaggia*, Signor de Sanctis, and Herr Seidemann, are the other strangers.

MR GYE'S FIRST NIGHT.

The season at this house was opened with the customary simple formality of the National Anthem, preceding a performance of *Guillaume Tell*. Mr Gye has bestowed more than usual care upon his noble theatre in anticipation of a fresh campaign. Not only have the interior and its approaches been made to look their best, as always on first nights, but candelabras are placed around the front of the boxes alternately with the familiar and, to those who sit over them, unpleasant gas jets. The result is increased brilliancy without added glare; and, if the change be simply an experiment, we hope its success may lead to the entire supercession of gas, especially as the present mixture produces an incongruous effect. No doubt the somewhat heavy interior of the theatre requires much light, but that is best obtained in the manner towards which a very decided step has now been taken. With Mr Gye's choice of an opera for his opening performance we should be the last to quarrel. Rossini's grandest work is welcome come when it may, as, indeed, is anything which shows us the lyric drama elevated above the miserable object of displaying a prima donna. Amateurs, moreover, would be very glad to see in the selection of *Guillaume Tell* a proof that such examples of operatic art are more in favour than once they were with the classes by whom our lyric theatres are in the main supported. Unfortunately for this view of the case, it has become a fashion with the favourites of the public to postpone their *rentrée* till the season has advanced a little. On no account, probably, would a "first lady" condescend to sing on the opening night of a season. The order to be observed is that of a Royal procession, and happy she who can contrive to bring up the rear. But this arrangement is a trying one for the manager, unless, as at Covent Garden, he commands resources that enable him to start with operas existing more for their own sake than for the behoof of their interpreters. Should such be the reason why *Guillaume Tell* was played, we get through it a most disagreeable revelation of the present state of the lyric stage in this country.—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE LATE MR BATEMAN.

(To the Editor of "The Times.")

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent's remarks about the sudden death of Mr Bateman, I beg to state that Mr Irving and myself were the last to leave the dining-room; that I never saw a police-officer until I reached the outer street door. Afterwards I met Mr Bateman at the Westminster Club, and he never mentioned having any altercation with the police-officers. When he left me for his residence, he appeared to be in as good health and cheerful spirits as I have known him to enjoy during the last twelve years. I trust you will publish this statement in justice to the memory of one who was an affectionate husband, a kind father, and a genial friend.

THOMAS SWINBOURNE (Lyceum Theatre).

(To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph.")

SIR,—As some erroneous statements of the sad death of Mr H. L. Bateman have been published, will you kindly allow me—an old friend, and his doctor for some years—space for a short account of his illness? For some days Mr Bateman complained of a severe pang of pain at the heart. In other respects he was in his accustomed health. On the evening before his death he returned home apparently in good health. He slept soundly during the night. On rising next day, at about ten, he was seized with an agonizing pain over the heart—so severe that, though a strong and resolute man, he was compelled to cry out loudly. I was sent for, and found him still suffering most severely. The pain continued with slight and very temporary remissions till twelve, when it greatly subsided. He remained almost free from pain, and at about four fell into a calm sleep. At half-past six the members of the family who were obliged to go to the theatre left him sleeping calmly and comfortably. His two daughters and son-in-law, who were taking care of him, became alarmed about ten o'clock at the long continuance of his sleep, and, endeavouring to awaken him, discovered that he was dead. The symptoms were those of an unusually severe and prolonged attack of that terrible malady, angina pectoris. The attack was in no way due to excitement, or any other emotional disturbance; but was, probably, immediately caused by the effort of dressing. SYDNEY RINGER.

15, Cavendish Place, March 25.

TRIAL BY JURY.

The joint production of Messrs W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, *Trial by Jury* is a pleasant addition to the bill of fare at Madame Selina Dolaro's pretty theatre in Soho. Its success on the first night, when Mr Sullivan himself directed the orchestra, and both he and his colleague were summoned at the descent of the curtain, was thoroughly genuine. None could feel surprise at such a result. *Trial by Jury* has the qualities necessary to win acceptance for what professes to be no more than a humorous bagatelle. Its first and not least valuable recommendation is brevity—the whole occupying less than an hour in performance; and this, coupled with the popularity attaching to the names of the authors, is likely to keep a good majority of the audience to the end, although two pieces, one of them *La Pêricle*, with Madame Dolaro as the heroine, precede it in the order of the entertainment. Many, doubtless, were curious to know what kind of impression a brief extravaganza, the united effort of two Englishmen, would create immediately after one of the productions, so much in vogue, of M. Offenbach and his literary coadjutors. To judge by the unceasing and almost boisterous hilarity which formed a sort of running commentary on the part of the audience, *Trial by Jury* suffered nothing whatever from so dangerous a juxtaposition. On the contrary, it may fairly be said to have borne away the palm. Two more expert practitioners than Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan could hardly, it is true, have been invited to combine in the manufacture of so odd a piece of work—the designation of which, by the way, as “a novel and original dramatic cantata” is as strange as anything else belonging to it. About the ingenuity with which Mr Gilbert can turn to excellent purpose whatever may suggest itself to his quaintly individual fancy, those who have perused the *Bab Ballads* need not be reminded. On the other hand, *Cox and Box* and the *Contrabandista*, in the production of which Mr Sullivan was associated with Mr Burnand, proved his ability to cope with the most admired French composers of burlesque, while, at the same time, better provided in a strictly musical sense than any of them. A description of Mr Gilbert's piece would answer little purpose, inasmuch as it defies analysis. It is a harmless “skit” upon the adjudication of a case for “breach of promise,” in the course of which the twelve members of the Jury and the enlightened Judge himself become so fascinated with the personal attractions of the Plaintiff Angelina, that all chance for Defendant is gone at the very instant the fair deceived one makes her appearance. The upshot is that, at a crisis when the jury are unable to come to an understanding, the Judge, impatient, suddenly descending from the bench, cuts the matter short by embracing Plaintiff (Angelina nothing loth) and declaring he will marry her himself. The music of Mr Sullivan, without reference to purely artistic merits which can hardly fail to strike connoisseurs, is precisely what, under the circumstances, it should be. Composed of slighter material than that of *Cox and Box*, and more particularly of the *Contrabandista*, it is, in its way, just as good and just as effective as either. No situation has been overlooked in which the music can be made comically subservient to the dramatic purport. Mr Sullivan, in fact, has accomplished his part in the extravaganza, so happily that—to ascend some steps higher towards the Emyrean—it seems, as in the great Wagnerian operas, as though poem and music had proceeded simultaneously from one and the same brain. There is genuine humour—as for instance, in the unison chorus of the jurymen, and the clever parody on one of the most renowned finales of modern Italian Opera; and there is also melody both fluent and catching—here and there, moreover, set off by little touches in the orchestral accompaniments which reveal the experienced hand.

The performance of *Trial by Jury*, at the Royalty, if exhibiting occasional shortcomings which closer familiarity may help to set right, is generally good. The orchestra, however numerically limited, is for the most part efficient; while the chief characters on the stage are carefully represented. Miss Nellie Bromley is a Plaintiff engaging enough to account for the predilection of Judge and Jury in her favour; Mr F. Sullivan's impersonation of the learned and impressionable Judge deserves a special word of praise for its quiet and natural humour; Messrs W. Fisher, Hollingsworth, and Pepper doing their best as Defendant, Plaintiff's Counsellor, and Usher of the Jury. It should be added that the various costumes are exact, without caricature, and that—the ap-

pearance of the Plaintiff with a troop of bridesmaids, in bridesmaids' attire, excepted—everything is precisely what might be witnessed on such an occasion in the court at Westminster.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The opera season began on Tuesday night at Covent Garden with *Guillaume Tell*, which, now that more or less competent representatives of the trying part of Arnold have been cropping up, seems once more destined to become a stock piece at Mr Gye's theatre. No amateur can be otherwise than pleased with this, for *Guillaume Tell*, despite its comparatively weak libretto, is, in the serious style—*Moise* not forgotten—Rossini's dramatic masterpiece. To enter, however, into any new details about a work so universally known and universally admired would be superfluous. As usual when *Guillaume Tell* is announced, the theatre was crowded; and perhaps no opera likelier to enhance the attractions of a first night could be selected. The “encore,” which, in accordance with long accepted tradition, followed a very spirited performance of the familiar overture, was responded to by a repetition of the martial movement that forms its brilliant climax. Signor Vianesi, who again shares with Signor Bevignani the position of musical director, was at the conductor's desk, and our excellent violinist, Mr Carrodus, as before, at that of the “chef d'attaque.” The distribution of the leading characters on the stage differed very little from the cast of recent occasions—M. Maurel impersonating the Swiss hero, Signor Marini appearing as Arnold, and Signor Bagagiolo as Walter. The combination of three such powerful voices—barytone, tenor, and bass—was of infinite importance to the concerted music in which Rossini's great work is abundantly rich, and above all gave rare effect to the magnificent trio (Act 2), when the confederates, Tell and Walter, by informing Arnold of his father's death at the command of Gessler, persuade that vacillating patriot, now no longer influenced by his love for the Austrian Mathilde, to join the cause. Perhaps M. Maurel's most successful performance—after the duet with Arnold (Act 1), in which he gave valuable support to Signor Marini—was the pathetic address to Jemmy (Mdlle Cottini) just before Tell, in obedience to the cruel mandate of Gessler (Signor Tagliafico) is about to shoot the apple from the head of his son. Here, by his tremulous accents and real feeling, M. Maurel occasionally reminded us of his accomplished countryman and type, M. Faure. Signor Marini, by power of voice and strenuous vigour of declamation, more than once conjured up reminiscences of the late Mongini, who in certain things (not altogether wisely, perhaps) he would seem to have adopted as a model. The new feature in the cast was the Mathilde of Mdlle Bianchi, who hitherto has only appeared in more or less subordinate characters, notwithstanding the good impression she created as Oscar, the Page, in *Un Ballo in Maschera*. That Mdlle Bianchi, though very young, is already equal to more responsible duties, was convincingly shown on Tuesday night, in this her latest and most ambitious attempt. Both in the well-known soliloquy, “Selva opaca” (Act 2), and the fine duet with Arnold, which directly follows, she exhibited genuine intelligence and feeling. Her voice is a soprano of agreeable quality, which will doubtless acquire additional strength with time and experience. Enough for the present, that the impression created by Mdlle Bianchi was in the highest degree favourable. The other small parts were allotted to Mdlle Scalchi (Eduige); Signor Sabster (the Fisherman), &c. The Tyrolienne, as always, was a pleasing incident of the third Act. About the grand choral effects, which culminate in the wonderfully dramatic scene of the meeting of the four Cantons, as about the scenery and other accessories connected with the efficient representation of this grand work, it is only necessary to add, that they were what the public have been long accustomed to at the Royal Italian Opera. The curtain descended for the last time immediately after the famous air, “Corriam” (“Sivez moi”), declaimed with appropriate energy and force by Signor Marini.

The opera on Thursday was *Der Freischütz*, for the first appearance of Mdlle D'Angeri; that for to-night is *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with a new tenor, Signor de Sanctis, as the Duke, Mdlle D'Angeri as Amelia, and Signor Graziani as Renato. More about these in our next impression. *En attendant*, we may state that every one was struck with the marked improvement of Mdlle D'Angeri.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Passion-week and Easter-tide were alike well celebrated in the great edifice at Kensington-gore; the one by a series of performances of sacred music, the other by concerts devoted to songs and glees. When first Messrs Novello and Co. made the experiment of giving Bach's *Matthew Passion*, every evening during the week most suitable for its use, doubts were not unreasonably entertained as to the result. Experience has shown, however, that the managers did not reason from false premises. Year after year the *Passion* concerts have been repeated, till now their success is hardly a matter of question. The series just brought to an end was equally well patronised with any that went before; three performances of Bach's great work, and one of the *Messiah*, drawing large audiences, by whom the noble and seasonable music appeared to be thoroughly enjoyed. Both oratorios were well given under Mr Barnby's direction, and much credit is due not only to the conductor, but to the soloists, Mesdames Sherrington, Levier, and Patey, Messrs Cummings and Foli.

The two concerts held on Easter Monday had a fair share of the patronage which holiday-makers are always ready to bestow upon worthy objects, that of the afternoon being particularly well attended. Yet, though both music and artists were popular, the daylight audience failed to reach the pitch of enthusiasm becoming a festive crowd. Out of twenty-two pieces only two were encored; the honour thus bestowed falling upon Mr Lloyd's delivery of "My own, my guiding star," and Diehl's spirited song, *The Mariner*, to which Signor Foli's noble voice did ample justice. The other items were allowed to pass with no more than conventional acknowledgment. Yet they presented no common merit. "The Ash Grove" (Miss Wynne), "The Meeting of the Waters" and "Caller Herrin'" (Miss Sterling), Barnby's graceful song, "My summertime," and "Good bye, sweetheart" (Mr Lloyd), Stainer's "Loyal Death" (Signor Foli), a selection of favourite part-songs admirably rendered by Messrs R. Barnby, Montem Smith, Carter, Horscroft, and Winn, and organ solos by Dr Stainer, were quite able to distinguish the concert. The evening performance, in which the same artists assisted, went off more satisfactorily, the encores being eight in number. Here, too, we were face to face with a surprise. As a rule, solos enjoy a greater amount of popular favour than concerted pieces, but out of the eight encores, four were for the glees and part songs of Mr R. Barnby and his companions. The honour was well deserved, but is rarely accorded so freely even when, as in this case, both the music and its execution take high rank. Among the successful solos were, "Come into the garden, Maud," and "My pretty Jane" (Mr Lloyd), Lemmens's "Bird of Love" (Mdm Sherrington), and Loder's "Diver" (Signor Foli). Applause was liberally bestowed upon others, as upon the organ solos of Dr Stainer, who knows well how to exhibit the resources of the huge Albert Hall instrument. With this concert ended, for the present, Messrs Novello and Co.'s spirited attempt to make the great hall popular as a place of musical resort.

T. E.

Last week was recognized, as usual, at the Royal Albert Hall. There were three performances of the *Passion* music of Bach, under the direction of Mr Barnby, the solos on Monday evening being executed by Madame Johanna Levier, Madame Patey, Mr Cummings, Signor Foli, and Mr Thurley Beale. The performance of Wednesday, like that of Monday, was of unquestionable excellence. The attendance was large and brilliant, and the fine music of the great master was listened to with all the attention due to its religious importance and to the improved interest now taken in its technical peculiarities—thanks to the repeated hearings which the public have had the opportunity of enjoying. Since the foundation of the Bach Society by the late Sir William Sterndale Bennett, and its first performance at St Martin's Hall in 1858, the *St Matthew* section has been gradually, if slowly, growing in favour, and has now (thanks to Mr Joseph Barnby), become irrevocably identified with this special period of the year, and adopted more or less in its penitential services. The present Albert Hall version is the one prepared by Barnby himself. The necessary omissions have been made with care and judgment, so that the entire performance may be brought within reasonable limits. The choral singing on Wednesday

night was all that could be wished. Seldom have the chorales been delivered with greater breadth, richness, and delicacy, and little need is there to say how impressive these magnificent apostrophes are when rendered by fitting numbers and in a devotional spirit. This is well understood, for it is in these congregational passages that the popularity of the *Passion* music chiefly lies. The whole of the choral parts were, however, nobly given, and the majestic force of those intervening bursts which represent the public voice in the sacred story, was felt in all its dramatic intensity, and realised to the utmost the momentous grandeur of the scene. The solo vocalists were not wholly those of Monday night. Mdm Lemmens-Sherrington replaced Mlle Johanna Levier; and Miss Done, Mdm Patey. The first-mentioned lady sang, as is her wont, with consummate skill, while the second again gave proof of many commendable qualifications as a contralto. Mr W. H. Cummings's interpretation of the tenor recitatives was, in every respect, faultless. The simple narrative of the Evangelist could not possibly have been told with more graceful tenderness; while the delivery of the few words which describe the remorse of Peter was a perfect example of declamatory art. The two bass parts, as upon the former occasion, were allotted to Signor Foli and Mr Thurley Beale. The pianoforte accompaniment of the recitatives fell as usual into the all-sufficient hands of Mr Randegger; and the privilege of playing the violin *obbligato* in the contralto air "Have mercy upon me," was enjoyed by the accomplished Mr Pollitzer. Dr Stainer presided with his accustomed excellence at the organ.

D. H. H.

THE HASKEUI MINSTRELS.

(From the "Levant Herald" of March 19.)

Want of space has prevented our noticing until to-day the performance of the Haskeui Minstrels, given on Saturday evening in the great hall of the Teutonia Club, under the patronage of Sir Philip Francis, in aid of the Famine Fund. This amateur *troupe* consists of Mr Tucker, its organizer and director, and six other gentlemen—Messrs Watkins, Till, Blair, W. Blair, Wetherill, and Beith. All are functionaries in the engineering department of the Arsenal, and on this occasion gave substantial proof of their charitable sentiments and deep interest in the misfortunes which afflict the country they serve. With infinite pains they got up an entertainment, not only highly creditable in an artistic point of view, but carried off with so much vivacity that the audience, who had paid close upon £150 to hear it, enjoyed it heartily. The room, spacious and well lighted, the use of which the Teutonia Club had gratuitously placed at the disposal of the performers, afforded them a fair field for the exhibition of their talents, and contributed in no small degree to their success. Among the audience were Lady Elliot and Miss Elliot, Lady Francis, the Hon. Mrs Hobart, Miss Foster, and other leading members of the British colony. The evident pains bestowed to render the entertainment complete in every detail reflected great credit on Mr Tucker and his worthy band. Amateur performances generally show weakness in detail, but the "Minstrels" were of opinion that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing *well*, and the concert bore the impress of that opinion.

CASSEL.—The Intendant of the Theatre Royal has received notification that the annual sum of 108,000 marks, paid out of the sequestrated estates of the late Elector, will continue until further notice. The grant from the Royal Privy purse, amounting in 1867 to hardly 25,000 marks, is estimated for 1875 at 93,000 marks, exclusive of sums for building and alterations. The expenses have doubled in the last seven years. For this year they exceed 465,000 marks.

PITTSBURG (America).—Mrs Scott Siddons has given one of her delightful "readings" at the Library Hall, which attracted a large audience. The "Maniac," "The Jackdaw of Rheims," and Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" were especially successful. Mrs Siddons was "assisted" by Master Henry Walker (known as *Seraphae*), who—says the *Pittsburg Gazette* of February 24—gave satisfactory evidence that for once, at least, a new sensation had not been overrated. The young pianist, who seems not to have lost the modesty of a child, plays with marvellous skill and beauty, and entirely from memory. The audience manifested their appreciation by rapturous "encores," and were not satisfied until he had played three pieces in succession.

MARRIAGE.

On Easter Sunday, in the Savoy Chapel Royal, Mr JOHN McKINLAY, of Perthshire and New York State, to Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INDAGATOR.—We have no room for the letter of our correspondent; but we can supply him with the information he asks for with regard to the pianoforte trios of Mozart. The order of their production was as follows:—No. 1, in B flat, composed at Salzburg (1776); No. 2, in D minor and major (1783); No. 3, in G major (1786—the year of *Le Nozze di Figaro*); No. 4, in E flat, at Vienna (1786); No. 5, in B flat, at Vienna (1786); No. 6, in E major, at Vienna (1788); No. 7, in C major, at Vienna (1788); and No. 8, in G major, at Vienna (1788). The No. 8, in G, had been composed earlier, for pianoforte *solus*.

LAVENDER PITT.—No; the composer has left it to the feeling and discretion of the performer. Gradation of tone is one of the principal charms of legitimate playing. Listen to "J. J." in the chaconne—what variety he imparts to it, and thus avoids monotony. The second theme (of a different character from the first)—



is a *cantabile*; and the tributary to the first should be *legato*. More "nuances" everywhere imperative.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1875.

LOHENGRIN, &c.

Wiesbaden, the 30th March, 1875.

MR DUNCAN DAVISON

(London).

SIR,—Referring to my correspondents, Messrs Brandus and Co., Paris, I beg to invite you by the present to see Mr Wolf (Schott and Co., 159, Regent Street), in order to be instructed of my wishes conc^g the performances of Richard Wagner's

"LOHENGRIN"

(and other works of the same composer), publically announced by Mr Mapleson and by Mr Gye, though none of these both has ever been authorized, the work itself being registered at Stationers' Hall.

You are, I suppose, acquainted with the two aforementioned managers, and might be able to fix the position by a "treaty," by which the assignee of Wagner (myself) is not forced to a legal proceeding of much expense, in want of recognition of his rights of performance. Meanwhile, I remain, your most obedient,

CARL W. BAG.

THE part of Mr Mapleson's prospectus which will receive most attention is that wherein we are told something about the proposed new Opera House on the Thames Embankment. Enterprises of the kind have been so often projected, and talked about as certain to be carried through, without result, that Mr Mapleson's reference to the new theatre as "in course of construction" brings its own welcome. This is not exactly the place for speculation with regard to the affair. There will be time enough to discuss it in all its bearings; but, at any rate, we can express the sympathy with which most people look upon the efforts of Mr Mapleson to establish Her Majesty's Opera in its proper position.

Turning to promises for the season, which begins next Saturday with *Fidelio*, we find that, as regards additions to his repertory, Mr Mapleson intends keeping pace with Mr Gye.

He, too, bids us look for *Lohengrin*, and talks of new dresses, scenery, and appointments, on a scale adequate to the requirements of that exacting work. Better still, he has "cast" the opera in such a way that it would be unreasonable to desire anything better. With Mdme Nilsson as Elsa, Mdle Tietjens as Ortrud, and Signor Campanini as Lohengrin, the performance should be—cannot fail to be—one of rare interest. Wagner's masterpiece, as many style it, will, of course, be the great event of the season, and, should it turn out successful, we may dismiss the other promised novelties from consideration. In any case, it is not likely that the Marquis d'Ivry's *Amanti di Verona* will have a hearing at present. The production of two strange operas entails such an expenditure, and involves so serious a risk, that it would be unreasonable to expect any manager to set about the task. Balfe's *Talismano* will duly reappear after its round of the provinces, and many other works of interest are specified as likely to make their *réentrée*. But we are most concerned to note the experiment by which Mr Mapleson will test the real musical status of his patrons. He declares his intention to play one classic opera each week, and thus devote a quarter of the season to such masterpieces as *Fidelio*, *Medea*, and *Don Giovanni*. The proportion is not too much, having regard to the claims of the works; but it remains to be seen whether the public will make Mr Mapleson's enterprise remunerative. We hope, and are almost disposed to believe, that they will; but, at all events, none can say, in future, that classic opera has not been formally put upon its trial.

Mr Mapleson's new artists are to us names only, though report speaks in strong terms of Mdle Varesi. This being so, it will be better to wait the result of their *début* than to indulge in speculations which might mislead. By death the manager has lost from the ranks of his "old guard" Mr Perkins and Signor Agnesi; but most of the others remain. He is again rich in the possession of Mdle Tietjens and Mdme Nilsson—each a host in herself; Mdme Trebelli, Signor Campanini, and Herr Behrens will once more do excellent service; while, with such a band and chorus as that over which Sir M. Costa presides, the ensemble can hardly fail to give satisfaction. On the whole, the prospects of Her Majesty's Opera are encouraging, and inspire confidence as to the result.

THE *Musical Times* has taken up, on public grounds, the question of doubtful musical degrees, and given insertion to a letter, in which Dr Stainer asks Mr Thomas Lloyd Fowle (Mus. Doc., M.A.) to explain whence and how he obtained the honours we have put in parenthesis. Mr Fowle replies in our contemporary's issue for the present month, not by answering the questions, but by catechising his catechist. Therein Mr Fowle, assuming him to have no cause for shame connected with his titles, does wrong. When one of a company is suspected, the innocent make no difficulty about investigation, but rather solicit that course, in justice to themselves. Mr Fowle objects to be examined for reasons strong enough to make the consequent suspicion a secondary matter. Doubtless, he knows the actual circumstances better than ourselves; but, to a looker on, his conduct appears, at least, injudicious. The matter of his reply to Dr Stainer is worth a few observations. In the first place, he will answer Dr Stainer's queries, provided Dr Stainer himself submits to a previous examination. Mr Fowle wants to know five things. First,—How did Dr Stainer obtain the organist's place at St Paul's without competition? Second,—Does Dr Stainer think it a proper act

to exclude eminent men by non-competition? Third,—Does not Dr Stainer already know where Mr Fowle (Mus. Doc., M.A.) obtained his degrees, and is he not jealous? Fourth,—Does Dr Stainer think it professional and gentlemanly to ask such questions in a public manner? Fifth,—Has not Dr Stainer attacked Mr Fowle on the same subject at a former time, and anonymously; and has he not spoken or written to a printer who once libelled Mr Fowle, and was mulcted in damages? Having thus extended the area of a very simple inquiry, the writer turns upon the Editor of the *Musical Times*, and gives him a "bit of his mind," in the most undisguised fashion, winding up with a statement that he is profoundly indifferent about the printing of his letter in that journal, seeing it will be printed somehow, and somehow dispersed through all the "towns and villages of the United Kingdom." The fearful threat of having Stoke Pogis roused against him naturally led our contemporary's editor to resolve upon giving Mr Fowle's letter to the world; but Mr Fowle, who knew more about the value of his own bellicosity, fancied something stronger would be needed, and, therefore, hurried a P.S. after the chief missive. The P.S. said:—

"I think it well to caution you as to what you insert in your journal about my degrees, as undeniable proof can be given of their *bonâ fide* nature. A few years ago a contemporary only escaped an action for libel by printing an account of them *in extenso*, and I am determined if anything further is inserted that is false and libellous I will prosecute to the utmost rigour of the law. I therefore warn you to be careful what you insert. I can say much on the subject of degrees with which you and your readers do not appear to be familiar."

Need it be recorded that a postscript in so Erclesian a vein overshot its mark, and forced our contemporary to say that nothing save "straightforward replies" to Dr Stainer's questions would thereafter receive attention?

Meanwhile, Dr Stainer had read Mr Fowle's letter, and his rejoinder appears in company with it. The organist of St Paul's does not object to be catechised. He answers briefly, but sufficiently, the whole of the five queries addressed to him from Winchester, and, having done so, calls upon Mr Fowle to complete his share of an agreement which he (Mr Fowle) himself proposed. This, of course, will be done, and, next month, an expectant public will know from what University Dr Fowle, M.A., obtained his honours. With this information everybody will be satisfied; but Mr Fowle might have saved a great deal of bother by giving the needed particulars at once, and he has only himself to thank for the suspicions aroused. An honest man, who is stopped by a policeman when carrying home his own property at dead of night, does not, if he be also a wise man, ask the officer to show his baptismal certificate and whether he was not once seen talking to a cook down the "airy." Rather does he assure the nocturnal guardian of his distinguished consideration for so much vigilance. If Mr Fowle's degrees are *bonâ fide*—and he protests that they are—it is his interest to help others in putting down spurious ones, not to meet their efforts with abuse. Here we leave the matter, and await the Fowle revelation, due on May Day next.

SIGNOR SALVINI, the greatest of living Italian tragedians, made his first appearance before an English audience on Thursday night. The play was *Othello*. Salvini was, of course, the hero; and we may say, without hesitation, that no such dramatic embodiment of Shakspeare's magnificent creation has been witnessed in our time.

Paper.

"... A handmaid and messenger of Memory.
A recorder of the aspirations of Genius."

(From "Another World.")

(Concluded from page 215.)

The colour principally in use is that of cream or a very light yellow; for, though we can produce a chalky white, we do not use it in our stuffs, except for linen.

There is a paper which we call "natural," because its green colour exceptionally resembles that of the leaf, although it is purely artificial, being produced by the use of a powder obtained from a particular fruit which hangs from a tree in the shape of small eggs, and contains a white powder of a sticky consistency. This powder is mixed with the leaves, and the paper thus prepared is very transparent. At first it has a kind of primrose tint, but, when subjected to heat, or to the sun, turns green. The egg called "Brulista Tavi," or "Lime Egg," follows a small blossom, but the fruit alone is used. The trees are plentiful, growing on marshy ground, a long distance from the city, for there are no marshes in its vicinity.

GOLDEN-COLOURED PAPER.

Some paper is of a pure gold-colour, the result of a property inherent in the leaf itself, and needing no extraneous application.

I have told you that the coarse paper is made with leaves of every description mixed together. On one occasion, some of the paper, when dried, became speckled with gold in different parts, presenting a beautiful appearance, which astonished the overseer and workmen. The paper was brought to me, and I directed the overseer to endeavour to detect in future processes the cause of these beautiful specks. Many trials were made, but he did not for months find any gold in the paper.

I meditated much on the subject, and one night I retired to rest with the singular phenomenon still in my mind. In my sleep I saw my tree, the Allmanyuka, all gold.

On awaking I immediately sent for the overseer, and, without relating what I had seen in my sleep, I told him that I was impressed with the belief that it was the leaf of my tree that produced the gold specks, and requested him to have some paper made entirely from the Allmanyuka leaf, and to use the most delicate machine for the experiment.

Though accustomed to obey my orders in implicit faith, the overseer confessed to me afterwards that for certain reasons he had great cause to doubt whether the experiment would succeed. It, however, was commenced without delay. The pulp, or jelly, after having passed through the process of boiling, was of a neutral tint, without the least appearance of gold, and all hope of the desired colour vanished in the thought of the workmen. It was, indeed, reported to me that no golden tint was apparent; but I did not yet despair.

When the pulp was spread out with the trowel, it remained still colourless, but after it had undergone the process of pressing, which generally took place immediately before sponging, it presented to the astonished workmen the appearance of one sheet of gold; and when it had been exposed to the sun it acquired the highest polish possible.

The material thus obtained is finer than cambric, and is used for beautiful scarfs, sun-turbans, neckties for ladies, slippers, covers, cushions, and various ornamental articles.

Hermes (Communicator.)

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

On the morning of Easter Sunday a marriage was solemnized in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, between Mr John McKinlay and Miss Antoinette Sterling. The wedding service was celebrated by the Rev. Henry White, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen. The musical portions of the service were executed by the Savoy choir, and directed by Mr H. F. Frost, the organist. The bride was given away by Dr George Macdonald, at whose house the bridal party was subsequently entertained. The newly-married couple and their friends remained for the Holy Communion at the usual mid-day service.

We read the following in the *Ménestrel* of Paris:—

"As Paris does not possess a third lyric theatre, the new directors of the Monnaie, Brussels, MM. Stoumon and Calabresi, intend placing their theatre at the disposal of French musicians, for the production of untried operas. Moreover, French critics are to be invited to first performances (!). The idea is generous, and may be fertile in results. What we want in Paris is a theatre for *débuts*."

PROFESSOR CESAIRE MIREs may lay claim to be considered a public benefactor. He has invented an instrument, similar in form to the violin, on which students of that instrument may practise without a sound being heard beyond the limits of their own room. This humanitarian invention will be largely purchased, even by those not desirous of becoming violinists themselves, as a present to any neighbour who is. Professor Mires may one day hit upon something of the kind applicable to the piano.

THERE has just died at Saint-Sever (Calvados), ignored by the world, an artist who once enjoyed popularity and even celebrity. This was Lemonnier, formerly tenor at the Opéra-Comique, who married Regnault, of the same theatre, rival of Duret-Saint-Aubin. Lemonnier, born in 1793, began his career as a mere "enfant," at the Théâtre des Jeunes Artistes. When this was shut, with others, in consequence of the Imperial decrees of 1807, he was thrown out of employment. But at Rouen, and Brussels, he was afterwards engaged expressly for the "Colins." On the 5th May, 1817, he made his *début* at the Opéra-Comique, his "trial parts" being the Chevalier (*Jeannot et Colin*) and Paul (*Paul et Virginie*). His voice was small, but he was good-looking as well as young, and, moreover, an excellent actor. Lemonnier was the original of important characters in *Les deux Mousquetaires*, *Le Pré-aux-Clercs*, *Les deux Nuits*, and other operas. He retired about 1834, and resided at St Sever, where he died on the 4th March, aged eighty-two, having survived his wife four or five years. His son was Crown Jeweller, under the second Empire.

Mlle Zaré Thalberg, Mr Gye's new *prima donna*, has arrived in London. She is, we understand, to make her *début* as Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*.

The Sacred Harmonic Society give a performance of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* on Friday next, the 9th inst., with Madame Corani, Madame Patey, Mr Sims Reeves, Signor Foli, and Mr Lewis Thomas as principal vocalists. Sir Michael Costa will conduct.

VENICE (*Extract from a Letter*).—"The season at the Fenice closed brilliantly, with an admirable performance of Signor Schira's *Selvaggia*, which has made quite a sensation here, and will cause the operatic session of 1875 to be remembered among us Venetians, who now but too seldom get anything which is not only new, but, at the same time, good. The part of Laudomia was sustained by Mlle Proch (who, I am informed, is engaged for Covent Garden, by Mr Gye). She created a genuine effect, and was received with enthusiasm. 'Ebbe applausi quanto la De Steschi, facendole ripetere la sua canzone, e gettandole una quantità di maggi di fiori.' I am told that, for the gala night, before the Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy, the director of the London Royal Italian Opera has given the services of the richly-endowed and charming Emma Albani, who is to appear as Lucia di Lammermoor on the memorable occasion. *Entre nous*—I think the Cavaliero Schira was ill advised in leaving Venice after the third performance of his *Selvaggia*. Had he remained until the end of the season he would have had a regular ovation.

"A. L. P."

CONCERT.

Mr F. H. Bellow, the new baritone, gave an evening concert on Saturday, March 27, in St George's Hall, Langham Place, which proved a great success. Mr Bellow (who is a pupil of Ch. J. Bishenden) made his first appearance in public on this occasion, "previous to his departure on a tour with the Liston Opera Company." He succeeded in gaining two encores—for "The Rhine Wine," and for an air from *Les Prés St Gervais*; Miss Estelle Emrick sang "The Raft," and Gounod's "Quando a te lieto," &c., with great taste. Miss Kate Sullivan's songs were much admired, and Mr Bishenden was encored in "Hearts of Oak," and in "The Friar of Orders Grey," the audience being very enthusiastic. Mlle De Lucie and Miss F. Sanders were the pianists; Herr Schuberth and Mr W. C. Levey accompanied the songs, and the former played two violoncello solos in his most brilliant style.

PROVINCIAL.

MALVERN.—Dr HANS VON BULOW, the celebrated pianist, gave a piano-forte recital at the Concert-room on Friday afternoon last. There was a crowded and fashionable attendance, many coming to hear the Doctor from Worcester, Ledbury, Malvern Wells, &c., and they had a rare musical treat. Dr von Bulow selects some of the most difficult classical music, which he plays with exquisite taste and expression with the greatest ease, and all without music before him. The Doctor's study of the works he undertakes is profound, and his energies are exclusively directed to the interpretation of the composer's ideas. The programme comprised selections from Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Liszt. The pianoforte was a magnificent "iron concert grand," sent down expressly by Messrs John Broadwood and Sons. Dr von Bulow was warmly applauded at the conclusion of each performance, and the musical inhabitants should give their hearty support to Mr Haynes for inducing such highly talented musicians to visit Malvern.—*Malvern News*, March 27.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Last week Mr Mapleson's company appeared at the Queen's Theatre, and gave three performances; *Il Barbiere*, *Rigoletto*, and *Der Freischütz*, being the operas—selected, I was going to say—but, as *Il Barbiere* was given suddenly, instead of *Semiramide*, the word will scarcely be applicable. The cause of the withdrawal of *Semiramide* was the inability of Mlle Tietjens to conquer a sudden hoarseness. Happily, the indisposition of this popular artist was only temporary, as she sang on Wednesday evening, the last night of the engagement of the company, in *Der Freischütz*, with her accustomed vigour, and, as usual, roused the audience to enthusiasm by her fine singing of "Softly sighs." In *Rigoletto*, on the Tuesday evening, two new singers appeared. Mlle Pernini, the Gilda of the evening, has a soprano voice of considerable sweetness and purity, especially in the upper range; her lower notes are not very powerful, but she sings like an artist, and has apparently been accustomed to the stage. Of Signor Bignardi, the new tenor, I can say but little. He must, however, be very good-natured, or he would not have risked his reputation by singing when scarcely able to make himself heard. In *Der Freischütz*, however, though still very hoarse, he was heard to greater advantage, and gave the impression that he was an experienced singer and a musician. He acts well, and has a good stage presence. Signor Galassi, as *Rigoletto*, was remarkably successful; and Mlle Bauermeister, as Annetta in *Der Freischütz*, surprised the audience by the admirable manner in which she sang the music of the part.

Last week, M. Rivière commenced his second series of Promenade Concerts at the Prince's Theatre. He has engaged an excellent orchestra, which includes several soloists of great ability. There is also choral music every night, and occasionally military music. The list of solo singers who have appeared, or will appear during the engagement, includes the names of Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Enriquez, Mlle Poole, Mr George Perren, Mr Wadmore, &c.—and also some singers whose names are new to Manchester. The programmes have been interesting and varied, and, as the arrangements in the theatre for promenading are admirable, M. Rivière has the right to expect a prosperous season.

PESTH.—A new opera—*The Boyard's Daughter*, by Madlle Ella Wajewsky—has been accepted at the Hungarian National Theatre.

RICHARD WAGNER AND THE VIENNESE.

(Communicated.)

The Concert for the Benefit of the Bayreuth Stage-Festival-Play-House (we do not know whether the appellation is Wagnerially orthodox) has been repeated under the direction of the composer. The attendance was again exceedingly great, and the applause unusually lively after the passages comprehensible by human intelligence, and in keeping with human feeling for the Beautiful. The stilted and eccentrically artificial character of these musical fragments fatigues and irritates one, as do all Wagner's caprices; consequently, when a harmonious passage, after long brooding and wailing, at last succeeds in struggling forth out of the seething chaos, it is as refreshing as a draught of water after a toilsome ride through the hot sands of the desert. Sincere thanks and applause are then bestowed upon the composer, who has cleverly prepared and held in readiness such moments of deliverance. This was the case at the first and at the second Wagner concert; the unmeaning and noisy shouting, the frantic stamping and clapping, for a quarter of an hour at a time, till the master, moved by the manifestation, again appears, and again condescends to do us the favour of addressing us—all these turbulent ovations proceed, not from the great mass of the public, but from an organized clique, who have constantly dealt in the most ridiculous Wagner-enthusiasm, and, like satellites, hang on the famous composer, because, without him they would inevitably vegetate in wretched obscurity. Such is the view taken of the matter by an outsider, who, entirely free from prejudice, can reckon up the ecstatic raptures of these Wagnerites, and also see behind the scenes, whence come the astoundingly gigantic laurel wreaths. To drag these into the room, and shower them down at the conclusion of the concert, is something no ordinary lover of music would ever think of doing, because the concerts cost quite enough without any additional outlay, and because, after listening with painful effort and small enjoyment for two hours, people are glad to get out into the open air. The success may prove greater and more permanent when the opera is represented on the stage; yesterday it was what we have described it. We must mention, likewise, that, in a short concluding speech, Wagner expressed his thanks, and graciously half consented to come again. There is, in fact, a report that he will have the goodness to return here this very month, to carry off a further sum of from eight to ten thousand florins for his Stage-Festival-Play-House. With Mad. Materna and Herr Labatt, the vocalists, he was unusually amiable; after the first round of applause, he took them by the hand and led them to the front.

Vienna.

3 Song.

(For Music.)

Wreath red roses in my hair,
Strew their blossoms everywhere;
If you tell me 'tis too soon—
Roses do not blow till June:
Bring me onions, lettuce, rue—
Anything, in short, will do.

Let me bind your forehead thus
With the gay asparagus,
Let glad radishes combine
With the beetroot's crimson twine,
And let Brussels' sprouts outvie
Blossoms of the broccoli.

Add beside, at my request,
Dandelions to the rest;
Wreaths and garlands thus we bring
As the harbingers of spring.
And when we have done our ballad,
We can make them into salad.

Fun.

DARMSTADT.—At a recent sitting, the Second Chamber was asked by the Government to grant, towards rebuilding the Grand Ducal Theatre, 691,200 marks from the State funds, and 172,000 marks from other sources, besides a further sum of 160,878 marks towards erecting scene rooms and a residence for the master carpenter.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

At the monthly meeting held recently in the Beethoven Rooms—Dr Pole, F.R.S., in the chair—the following paper was read by Mr John Hullah:—I propose in this address to deal with certain names or terms and epithets in use among English musicians. Many of these it is certain have outlived the ideas or things for which they once stood; others now represent to all of us ideas and things different from those they once represented. The time seems to have arrived when we should come to an understanding as to our musical nomenclature. It will not, I think, be found necessary to make any addition to it; at any rate I have none to propose to you to-day. But I shall simply ask you to consider, and, if possible, to decide which, out of many names or terms representing, and epithets qualifying the same thing, it is desirable to adopt or recommend for adoption. Musical nomenclature has reference of necessity to time, to tune, and to expression. I will deal with its application to these separately. Under the head of time, let us first consider the duration names of musical notes. Those which at present concern us are breve, semibreve, minim, crotchet, quaver, semiquaver, and demisemiquaver. Of these names, the first three have altogether lost their significance; the fourth is no longer appropriate, the fifth, sixth, and seventh are arbitrary. The breve is no longer short, but unusually long; the minim is not now the least or shortest, but not unfrequently the greatest or longest; the crotchet has now no crotch or hook; and the quaver and the fractions might just as well be called the shiver, the half-shiver, and the quarter-shiver, or by any other names as fantastic or irrelative. The Germans call these notes, beginning from our semibreve, the whole-note, the half-note, the quarter-note, and so on. These appellations, so far as they express the proportion of the first note named to those which follow it, are convenient. They form of themselves a time-table, but it is an imperfect one, for they do not show, without further calculation any intermediate proportions. They shew at once that eight quavers equal one semibreve, but not at once that four quavers equal one minim. But I have a much more serious charge to bring against them. They assume what, if not always false, is, as it seems to me, not always true, that the semibreve is, or that any form of note can be, absolutely a whole note. What is or what should be regarded as a whole note? If I were sure that the word phrase represented to all of us the same idea as it does to me, I should answer unhesitatingly that a whole note was any note that could be divided into a phrase, or to be a little more precise, any note, divided or undivided, which would fill either an entire measure or require as many beats as would make one. This would give us practically four claimants to the title of whole note; the breve, the average whole note of the sixteenth century; the semibreve, the average whole note of our own time; the minim, and even the crotchet. For that movements innumerable of four times a beat in a measure, each of which is a quaver, exist I need not say, nor that the measure even of four semiquavers has been occasionally employed. It is certain that a sound lasting four beats may be expressed, and has been expressed, by six different forms—the maxim, the long, the breve, the semibreve, the minim, and the crotchet. Perhaps some musician of the future may think proper to express such a note by a quaver. Let us now consider the names used by the French, a people possessing in high perfection the power of clear exposition of what they themselves see clearly. As usual, they leave or throw on one side whatever they regard as uncertain or equivocal, or not commonly accepted, and proceed to deal with the undisputed and indisputable facts or portions of facts before them. And what are these in respect to the forms which express the relative durations of sound? First, that they are forms; and secondly, that they are different forms—that one is an oval or circle, that another is a circle with a stem, and another a circular spot, also with a stem; and that all other notes are opaque and have not only stems, but hooks varying in number. They call these notes or forms as they find them—round, white, black, hooked, twice hooked, and thrice hooked. I certainly prefer the German nomenclature—which, though raised on a false basis, is consistent—to our own, which is inconsistent as well as false; but I prefer the French to the German, because, not pretending to do so much, it does what it pretends to do perfectly.

On the pitch names of notes—A, B, Do, Re, or what not—I

do not propose to speak to-day. Perhaps on some future occasion you will allow me to bring some considerations about them before you. I pass on at once to another matter relating to the second division of our subject—tune, the nomenclature not of sounds, but of the relations between them—the nomenclature of musical intervals, on which English theorists and practitioners are by no means agreed. I believe that the seconds and thirds, and their inversions, the sevenths and sixths, found in the so-called “natural” scale, and all scales made like it, are very generally called among us major and minor; and that six of the fourths and their inversions the fifths are as generally called perfect. Here, however, agreement ends. For the one exceptional fourth and the one exceptional fifth rejoice each in as many *aliases* as a swindler finally run down by the detective police. To the exceptional fourth, which, according to the old theorists’ “*diabolus est*” I have heard and seen applied the name “tritone,” and the epithets sharp, superfluous, redundant, and augmented; to the exceptional fifth, the epithets flat, false, imperfect, diminished, and equivocal. Others might possibly be added to this list. To the name “tritone,” no objection is, I think, open. It expresses the contents of the interval—three tones; but it carries with it the disadvantage of there being no corresponding name for its inversion, the exceptional fifth. Augmented and diminished are no doubt autonyms, but both are epithets which, as I shall try to show, ought to be reserved exclusively for another class of intervals—the chromatic. Superfluous and redundant are, I think, clumsy epithets; but if either is to be applied to the exceptional fourth, its autonymal, scanty, or insufficient, should be applied to the exceptional fifth. If this last interval is to be called false, its inversion (the tritone) should be called true. Only one of these epithets seems to me quite unobjectionable—imperfect, as applied to the exceptional fifth. As an autonym to this, I have long used the epithet *pluperfect*, which has been very largely adopted.

(To be continued.)

Tunes for Music.

THE SONG OF THE BIRD. (Copyright.)

Up in the leafy wilderness
Of a tall and branching elm,
A bird trilled forth with tenderness
His soul in that verdant realm.
I listened, amid the pattering rain,
All his melody to hear,
Till to mine ear the words seemed plain
That he carolled out so clear.

“Ah! who would not be
A bird like to me,
As I pipe my lay
So joyous and gay,
And float in the air—
Such a pastime rare;
Or, in circling chase,
With my comrades race,
By meadow and brook,
And in sunny nook;
Then chirrup and play
All the summer day,
Till down in the west,
When the sun doth rest,
To our nests we flee
In the leafy tree,
And sing until night,
And the fading light,
In mantle of sleep
All the world shall keep.
For happy is earth,
With freedom and mirth;
With sunshine and flowers,
Mid the sylvan bowers,
Where we hold our court,
All caring for naught,
But the joy of the passing hours.”

FINLAY FINLAYSON.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From an Occasional Contributor.)

The Philharmonic Society of London commenced its sixty-third season on the evening of the 18th inst., under circumstances of peculiar but melancholy interest. While the effects of tears so recently shed are continuing, one of the most important works of him whose rather unexpected death occasioned them (*The Woman of Samaria*), is performed, and in a manner scarcely open to criticism. The friends of a memory loved more than in an ordinary way assembled, at St James’s Hall, to hear some of the greatest outpourings of the genius of one whom generations will regard as among the brightest to which England has given birth. Many a heart in the hall on this occasion throbbed with unusual beatings by reason of numberless associations conjured up in connection with the life of Sir Sterndale Bennett, now brought to a close. These beatings were augmented by a few circumstances. All the ladies in the orchestra who were to take part in the performance were clad in black, proclaiming how they felt England’s loss; and each wore the red scarf, denoting that they all were students at the Royal Academy of Music, over which the great musician, and the good and gentle man presided. This sight alone engendered sadness. Facing the orchestra was the portrait (lent for the occasion by R. Case, Esq.), painted by Millais, of the composer wearing his Cambridge robes; and in the front of the orchestra, where on Philharmonic nights is placed usually the representation of the massive brow of the writer of the 9th Symphony, was Signor Trentanove’s bust of the recently buried musician, by rendering homage to the memory of whom England now honours herself, and proclaims to the musical continent, not only that she can give birth to, but that she can duly appreciate, a great man—great in an art which till comparatively recently was almost ignored in this country, as being unworthy of national consideration. Many listeners had numerous circumstances of their life brought to their recollection, as not a few present were more or less associated with Sterndale Bennett when he was a student; not a few, when he was a player, charming with the extreme delicacy of his touch, and making the very chords of the listener’s heart to vibrate, so sympathetic was the feeling he displayed; and not a few, when he returned from Germany with the laurel crown upon his head of the blessing of Schumann and Mendelssohn: and finally not a few, when England’s chief Musical Society offered him its direction. To write the history of one great man is to bring to light much of the history, and many of the circumstances of others, and sometimes a portion of the life of the nation to which the one great man belonged. Thus, in having the salient points in the career of Sterndale Bennett brought to our recollection at this emotional concert, the gray-haired man thinks of times gone by, and the strong man in the prime of life looks through the vista of years and is a boy again, though, instead of the bright hope of those days being his now, the sorrows through which he has passed, resulting from disappointment or some other cause, make the retrospection one of sadness.

The first part of the programme comprised the orchestral prelude to Sophocles’s *Ajax*, the funeral march for the burial of the Warrior (first time of performance), and the *Woman of Samaria*. The first two will certainly rank among the author’s very finest productions. A better performance of the sacred Cantata, with hardly an exception, could not have been desired. The peculiar melodic inflexions of the recitatives, and even of some of the airs, tell the gifted man who thought them, and are in truth so many photographs (if the expression may be allowed), of some of his inner feelings; and, while it may be admitted they do not carry the hearer away at first, they win upon him in an insensible manner, their peculiar beauty insinuating itself until the most prepossessed listener in favour of other forms is compelled to bend beneath their fascinating power.

It may be almost assumed that the unaccompanied quartet, “God is a spirit,” will ever be regarded as the gem of the work. Other numbers may be contrasted with specimens of like kinds, and judgment may be doubtful, for reasons not now to be adduced. But this quartet, compared with any example, cannot suffer: its peculiar lustre

can never be dimmed. On this occasion it was rendered in a perfect manner, and was enthusiastically encored. No man who heard it, if he assisted at the funeral of the composer, could fail to remember its previous rendering in our grand Abbey, when its echoes, vibrating through the vaulted roof, whereby its delicate harmonies seemed etherealized, were as a voice from the skies, sent to instruct us mortals that he who composed it had been summoned to join the immortal choir, while all that remained of him was being tearfully and tenderly placed by the side of kindred spirits, long gone to their rest, whose glorious music rises daily from that ancient shrine like perfumed incense reaching unto heaven.—F. E. P.

19th March.

FUNERAL OF MR LIMPUS.

On Saturday the funeral of Mr R. D. Limpus, founder of the College Organists, organist and choirmaster of St Michael's, Cornhill, took place at Norwood Cemetery. A choral rendering of the first portion of the service, with special anthems, had been arranged by Dr Stainer and other members of the college at St Michael's, but at the last moment the churchwardens refused to allow the church to be used for this purpose; it was therefore given at St George, the Martyr, Queen Square, by the members of the college, with a choir of picked voices. The family of the Rev. T. W. Wrench, rector of St Michael's, testified respect by their presence at St George's, with many more of the congregation of St Michael's. The service at the grave was read by the Rev. W. Hunt, Sunday evening lecturer. Around the grave where assembled the Rev. Canon Limpus, vicar of Twickenham, chief mourner, Drs Stainer and Steggall, Messrs Edwards, Gilbert, C. E. Stevens, Miller, Turpin, Lott, Jordan, Webster, Westley, Wiggins, and many others of the College of Organists, together with Masonic and other friends, including the choir boys of St Michael's, Cornhill.

ITALIAN OPERA IN VIENNA.

The Italian season was opened at the Komische Oper with *Lucia*. Mad. Patti was received with a tempest of applause. Her voice has not lost a single ray of its fire and brilliancy, since we last heard it in Vienna. On the other hand, it seems to have gained in intensity. This, and her vocal skill, which we can never sufficiently admire, combined with the charm of her interesting personal appearance, obtained yesterday for the fair and celebrated singer an innumerable series of recalls and a long succession of triumphs. M. Gayarre, as Edgardo, was in good voice, while his singing and acting were full of vigour. Sig. Rota, barytone, was new to us; he sustained the part of Asthon. His voice is so high and clear that we can hardly fix the limit where the tenor ends and the bass begins. His style is sober and effective. The lively, energetic, and fiery Ardititi again occupied the conductor's seat, and the orchestra went admirably. In obedience to a stormy outburst of applause, the sextet in the second act was repeated, and, after the mad scene in the third act, the public were simply worked up to a state of frenzy.—*Neue Wiener-Tageblatt*.

MILAN.—Sig. Ponchielli's opera, *I Lituani*, has proved a hit at the Scala.—*L'Africaine* is announced at the Teatro dal Verme; and the Teatro Castelli will ere long be opened with Cagnoni's *Duca di Tupigiano*.

VENICE.—*Der Freischütz* was performed lately at the Teatro Fenice, for the first time.—The Teatro Apollo is now called the Teatro Goldoni. The alteration was effected with great ceremony, and the receipts of the performance on the occasion were handed, without deduction of any kind, to the Committee for erecting a monument to the poet whose name the theatre now bears. A further sum of 5,000 lire has been subscribed by the general public.

STUTTGART.—The Bürger-Gesellschaft celebrated the King's birthday by a Festival Concert, under the direction of the Royal Chapel-master, Herr J. Abert. The programme, which was rich and varied, contained Benedict's and De Beriot's duo "La Sonnambula," for piano and violin, played by Concertmaster Singer and Herr Winternitz; songs by Schubert, sung by Herr Albert Jäger; Frau Wahlmann declaiming two ballads—"Vom Haidenknaben" and "Schön Hedwig"—both with R. Schumann's dramatic piano accompaniments. The playing of our Kammer-Virtuose, Herr G. Krüger, was listened to with pleasure and satisfaction, and his performance on the harp of Oberthur's "Meditation," and "English Melodies of the Olden Time," &c., &c., was followed by unanimous applause. The concert concluded with Bach's Prelude, as arranged by Gounod, for harp, harmonium, and violin.

WAIFS.

At the sixth and last of the Bradford Subscription Concerts in St George's Hall, Mr Sullivan's oratorio, *The Light of the World*, was presented to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. Both the committee and Mr Sullivan may be fairly congratulated on a thorough success. The performance went off with the utmost spirit and *éclat*. Seldom has the hall been more crowded, and never do we remember the audience to have sat more patiently to the end. The principal vocalists were Mdme Sherrington, Mdme Patey, Messrs Vernon Rigby and Santley.—*Bradford Observer*.

The other day Mdme Marie Dumas, who is well-known in London, gave an English concert in Paris. A sign of the times.

Mr John Forbes Robertson has just been appointed art editor of the *Pictorial World*. Mr Will Williams is the literary editor.

L'Art Musical says that Herr Strakosch will not manage the New York Opera next year. M. Cohn, it adds, will succeed him.

M. Consolo, violinist, former pupil of the Brussels Conservatory of Music here, has turned Mussulman and taken the name of Klamil. As such conversions are rare, it has created a sensation at Constantinople.

A Transatlantic writer thus criticises:—"The little miss who played the piano was the special blemish of the concert. She had no more idea of Chopin's Nocturne than a pullet can have of a family of fourteen chickens."

NEWS FROM PARIS.—"A rich London banker means to build a new opera-house in London, which will surpass in luxury that of Paris. When finished he will present the edifice to the English government." (!)

A band of praying-women gathered in front of what they supposed was a beer saloon the other day, and opened their batteries of song. Half an hour passed, and no effect was visible. They had wasted their efforts in front of a lawyer's office.

An American paper says that:—"Just about the worst, most horrible, flat, false, screamy, grunty, growly, bellowy, wheezy, jerky, whiny, inappropriate, ill-balanced, coarse, lop-sided, uncultivated, barbarous, and ear-distracting of all New York church-music is to be heard in its Ritualistic churches, and for the best of reasons."

A CHORAL SOCIETY has been recently formed at Parsonstown (King's County, Ireland), and the services of Mr Matthew Arnold are engaged as conductor. Weekly meetings are held in John's Hall. The works in immediate rehearsal are Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm, Romberg's *Lay of the Bell*, Glee, &c. There are, we understand, over seventy members.

The *Art Musical* says:—"Verdi's *Requiem Messe*, announced to be performed at the Opéra Comique in April, will attract an enormous crowd. The boxes are all taken up, and many amateurs have secured places for the whole of the performances. As the artists are bound to present themselves in London early in May, the Mass cannot be given more than a few times."

The budget of the opera at Brussels has recently assumed enormous proportions. Singers, orchestra, chorus, ballet, &c., cost fabulous sums, and matters threaten to grow worse. However great their contempt for money, the directors will in future be unable to make any outlay, except for novelties and pieces of great attraction; and, unless resigned to seeing the great stock pieces, with dingy scenery and costumes, the Corporation will be obliged to confer another grant, which, for the sake of real great works of art, cannot come too soon.—*Guide Musical*.

A great great nephew of Handel's, having presented a petition to the Emperor, begging that a street may be named after his relative, received a notification that a new quarter is going to be erected, in which all the streets will be named after celebrated musicians, on the principle already adopted for other artists in the Albrechts-Hof, and that the name of Handel will not be overlooked. The petitioner himself was born in 1803, at his father's house in the Wallstrasse, where he still resides. He is a constant and zealous attendant at the meetings of the Society for the History of Berlin.—*Berlin Echo*.

THE death of Mr J. C. Webster, late of the firm of Wilkie, Webster, and Allan, makes another break—writes the *Melbourne Argus*—in the chain connecting the present musical generation with the past. A period of nearly 40 years of service in the great London house of Broadwood and Sons brought him in contact with all the musical celebrities of the time, whether of the French, German, Italian, or English schools. A friend of Ries (the favourite pupil of Beethoven), he was also intimate with those circles wherein Smart and Stevenson were leaders. No man in this country was master of a greater fund of anecdote in connection with the musical world of his day than the late Mr Webster; and his conversation amongst his intimates on such subjects was always full of interest and entertainment. He died at his place at Moonee Ponds, on the 20th inst, aged 64 years.

Madrigals agreed with the domestic habits which have ever characterised Old England. They suited that best of all clubs—a large family party. They were welcome to the best of all earthly abodes—a good old country house. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, could all take a part in these domestic choruses; and on joyous occasions, when sons returned to the paternal mansions, and married daughters met again beneath the roof from which they had gone forth, the old glee-book was pulled out and spread on their knees, and long separated voices mingled again in “hey-down-a-down,” or, perhaps, in a solemn Latin canon. Who has not experienced the beautiful moral of this class of music, when, by the request of some revered elder in the family, the modern Italian trio or quartet, beautiful as it is, has been forsaken for some old English glee, and a voice feeble and low, but sweet and true, has chimed plaintively in?—while in the silence that followed, both age and youth have felt that there is something in such music which “linked each to each in natural piety.”—*Philharmonic Journal*.

The funeral of Mr Bateman, late lessee of the Lyceum, took place on Saturday, at Kensal Green Cemetery, as privately as the attendance of a goodly number of the deceased gentleman's personal friends would permit. Nothing could be more simple than the ceremony. The aid of mourning coaches was dispensed with. There was a hearse, but the mourners followed in private carriages. These were Mrs Bateman, widow of deceased, Mr Henry Irving, Dr and Mrs Crowe (Kate Bateman), Misses Isabel and Virginia Bateman, Mr D. Chinnery, ex-Liberian Minister; Messrs Hawes Craven, Charles Coote, Charles Harris, Wilford Morgan, J. C. Cowper, Thomas Catling, A. Nelson, George Edwards, W. G. Wille, H. Forester, Lewis Wingfield, C. L. Gruneisen, Frank Toole, &c. In conformity with the wish of the deceased, the professional ladies and gentlemen of the Lyceum Theatre did not attend in that character, but several came privately as a mark of respect. After ordinary funeral service in the chapel, the coffin was removed to a grave on the lower side of the cemetery, where the body of one of Mr Bateman's children was interred some years since.

THE THREE CHOIR FESTIVALS.—The Dean and Chapter of Worcester purpose (if duly supported) carrying out the intention announced by Dean Yorke some months ago, of substituting for the old-established “Festivals of the Three Choirs,” performances of sacred music, or rather, services of song, at Worcester Cathedral in the autumn, such services being open free to the public. A circular has just been issued by the Dean and Chapter to the clergy and gentry of the Diocese, inviting them to meet for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements. In the meantime, the proceedings of the regular stewards of the old Festivals appear to have been suspended. A suggestion was made for holding this year's Festival in Malvern Abbey Church, as the Cathedral is not available, but the stewards seem disinclined to sanction the holding of the regular Festivals in any other building than a Cathedral, although they have precedents for such a temporary diversion. It is now alleged that the Worcester Festival will lapse, at least for this year's turn, and that Hereford will take up the succession from Gloucester, and hold its next meeting in the present year, instead of in 1876, which would have been its regular turn but for the collapse at Worcester.

It is a strange thing, the subtle form and condition of music. When the composer has conceived it in his mind, the music itself is not there. When he has committed it to paper, it is still not there. When he has called together his orchestra and choristers from the north and the south, it is there;—but gone again when they disperse. It has always, as it were, to put on mortality afresh. It is ever being born anew, but to die away and leave only dead notes and dumb instruments behind. No wonder that there should have been men of shallow reasoning powers or defective musical feelings, who, in the fugitiveness of the form, have seen only the frivolity of the thing, and tried to throw contempt upon it accordingly. But in truth, such critics have hit upon the highest argument in favour of the Art; for how deep, on the contrary, must be the foundations of that pleasure which has so precarious a form of outward expression! How intensely must that enjoyment be interwoven with the God-like elements of our being, in which mere outward sense has so fleeting a share! The very limitation of its material resources is the greatest proof of its spiritual powers. We feel its influence to be so heavenly, that were it not for the grossness of our natures, we should take it in, not by the small channel of the ear alone, but by every pore of our frames. What is the medium of communication when compared with the effect on our minds. It is as if we were mysteriously linked with some spirit from the other world, which can only put itself *en rapport* with us, as long as we are here, through a slight and evanescent vibration of the air; yet, even that is all sufficient to show the intensity of the sympathy.—*Philharmonic Journal*.

PARIS.—The Italian colony here will carry out the idea of distinguishing by a commemorative stone the house in which Goldoni lived and died.

TURIN.—*Salvator Rosa*, by Sig. Gomez, has been produced.

FLORENCE.—*Luigi XI.*, by Sig. Luca Fumagalli, is to be given immediately.

STETTIN.—Herr Robert Emmerich's opera, *Van Dyk*, has been favourably received.

HAMBURG.—Meyerbeer's *Prophète* (Madlle Borée as Fides) has proved attractive at the Stadttheater.

DANTZIC.—Herr Kiel's oratorio, *Christus*, has been successfully performed by the members of the Dantzic Vocal Association.

GENOA.—Sig. G. Rossi's *Contessa d'Attemberg*, with some new pieces interpolated, has been brought out at the Carlo Felice.

DRESDEN.—Herr Gramman's *Melusine* will be first produced in the new Theatre Royal. The scenery and machinery are already in preparation.

ROME.—The Provincial Council have expressed their approbation of the proposal to cede the kitchen-garden of San Lorenzo in Lucina to the Roman Philodramatic Academy, for the erection of a new theatre.

PRAGUE.—The following was the programme of the “Karolinenthal Society,” on March 21st:—Mozart's Symphony in E flat; Concertino for harp and orchestra, by Charles Oberthur (harp solo, Herr K. Jirmus); Beethoven's Septet (by members); “Le Zephir,” solo for harp (composed and performed by Herr K. Jirmus); Mendelssohn's Overture, *Ruy Blas*.

Advertisements.

THE VOICE & SINGING

BY
ADOLFO FERRARI.

THE FORMATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE FOR SINGING.

Price 12s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

“The remarkable qualities of this book are the author's freedom from conventional trammels, the strong sense of his opinions, and the novelty yet evident soundness of his precepts; his work has consequently come into general use as a manual of vocal instruction.”—*Daily News*.

DR STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE,

For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing affections of the throat.

DR STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE is universally acknowledged to be the most valuable remedy for sore throat, hoarseness and relaxed throat. It should always be taken before singing or reciting, as it strengthens the vocal organs. It is most extensively prescribed by the faculty for the throat and voice. Dr Lewis of Basingstoke says he finds them most efficacious, and in Dr Copland's Dictionary of Practical Medicine (Longman & Co.), they are strongly recommended at pages 872 and 1492. They are used by all the greatest vocalists and orators in Europe, and have been established over a quarter of a century. Testimonials from Paris, Grief, Lablache, Santley, &c. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. by all Chemists throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------------|
| No. 1. “TWILIGHT.” | No. 3. “THE SHEPHERD'S PRAYER.” |
| No. 2. “THE BROOK.” | No. 4. “WAITED UPWARDS.” |

Composed by IGNACE GIBSONE.

Price 3s. each.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

“ALBION AND SCOTIA,”

FANTASIA FOR THE PIANOFORTE,

On “My Love is like the Red Red Rose” and “The Lass of Richmond Hill.”

Composed by WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

“WITH MOONLIGHT BEAMING.”

DUET

For Equal Voices.

The Music Composed and Dedicated to

MISS HEGINBOTHAM and MISS MOWER,

By H. KUSTER.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

DANCE MUSIC

FORMERLY PUBLISHED BY

MESSRS HOPWOOD & CREW

NOW PUBLISHED BY

ASHDOWN & PARRY.

											SOLO.		DUET.	
											s.	d.	s.	d.
Archery Galop	C. Coote, jun.	...	3	0	4	0
Awfully jolly. Waltz	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Angela. Waltz	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0		
Breakneck Galop	C. Coote	3	0		
Burlesque. Valse	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Butterfly's ball. Polka	C. Coote, jun.	...	3	0		
Caledonians. The original (arranged with a description of the figures)	R. Coote	4	0		
Christy's jewel. Waltz	C. Coote	4	0	5	0
Comic tunes. Quadrille	C. Coote	4	0	5	0
Cornflower. Valse	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Croquet Galop	C. Coote	3	0	4	0
Dixey's land Galop	C. Coote, jun.	...	3	0	4	0
Early in the morning. Polka	C. Coote	3	0	4	0
Fairy visions. Valse	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Figaro. Quadrille	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Glorioso Galop, arranged by	R. Coote	3	0		
Golden tresses. Valse	C. Coote	4	0	5	0
Grecian bend. Polka	C. Coote	3	0		
Jenny Bell. Schottische	H. C. Swatton	...	3	0		
Kate Kearney. Valse	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Kingfisher. Polka	C. Coote, jun.	...	3	0		
Kiss. Valse	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Language of flowers. Valse	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Leila. Valse	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
L'innocence. Valse	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0		
Lilian. Valse	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Little Coquette. Valse	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Masquerade. Lancers	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Moët and Chandon. Valse	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Ours. Waltz on the popular melody introduced in Robertson's play	J. M. Ball	4	0		
Overture. Quadrille	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Pauline. Waltz	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Polly Perkins. Varsoviana	R. Coote	3	0		
Pretty bird. Quadrille	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	4	0
Pretty bird. Valse	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Pretty Kitty. Quadrille	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Queen of the fête. Valse	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Rage of London. Quadrille	C. Coote	4	0	5	0
Roulette Galop	C. Coote, jun.	...	3	0	4	0
Song of songs. Valse	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Spring blossoms. Valse	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0
Trumpeter's Galop	C. Coote, jun.	...	3	0	4	0
Twelfth-night. Quadrille	C. Coote, jun.	...	4	0	5	0

CHORAL WORKS FOR TREBLE VOICES ONLY.

CANTATAS.

THE SEA-MAIDENS.

By J. L. ROECKEL.
Price 3s. Net.

SONGS IN A CORN-FIELD.

By G. A. MACFARREN.
Price 3s. Net.

THE KNIGHT OF PALESTINE.

By WEBER.
Price 3s. Net.

THE MOUNTAIN MAIDENS.

By F. ROMER.
Price 3s. Net.

THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

By IGNACE GIBSONE.
Price 3s. Net.

KING RENE'S DAUGHTERS.

By HENRY SMART.
Price 4s. Net. Paper Covers.
" 6s. " Cloth Boards.

THE PAGE.

By M. W. BALFE.
Price 3s. Net.

WESTWARD HO!

By J. L. ROECKEL.
Price 4s. Net.

TWO-PART EXERCISES.

For Vocal Classes, in Two Books, each 4s. | Class Copies, 8vo, in One Book, 1s. Net.

DUETS FOR TREBLE VOICES.

Each Book contains SIX DUETS BY POPULAR COMPOSERS (Class Copies).
Books 1 and 2 are Now Ready. Price 1s. each Book.

TRIOS FOR TREBLE VOICES.

Price 6d. each. (Each Number Half-price, 3d.) Or in Books, each 1s. Net.

BOOK I.

1. *Now the dance Weber.
2. *Through the dim Gounod.
3. *Triumph of Oberon Allen.
4. *On the sea Gounod.
5. *The Bee Barnett.
6. *Song of the Water Smart.

BOOK II.

7. *Oh, boatman, row Donizetti.
8. *Village bride Costa.
9. *Pilgrim's evening Wagner.
10. *Music of the night Hatto.
11. *I love my love Allen.
12. *Hark! o'er the Wallace.

BOOK III.

13. *Now lightly we Balfe.
14. *Hark! o'er the Balfe.
15. *A psalm of life Pissuti.
16. *Araby's daughter Oberthur.
17. *Come o'er the waters Bonaldi.
18. *Where the fairies Balfe.

BOOK IV.

19. *The skylark Gilbert.
20. *Hark! the Gondolier Riccardi.
21. *Too late Barnett.
22. *When the moon is Bishop.
23. *The sun has been Bishop.
24. Bridal Chorus Barnett.

BOOK V.

25. *Merry raindrops are Wagner.
26. *Good morning Lillo.
27. *Hark! the merry Flotow.
28. *With song of bird Flotow.
29. *Happy as the day Wallace.
30. *The red cross banner Badia.

BOOK VI.

31. *The distant bell Badia.
32. *The sunset bell Pissuti.
33. *Who'll follow Paggi.
34. *Sleep on Balfe.
35. *O the summer night Prentice.
36. *O hear ye not Smart.

BOOK VII.

37. *Sea flowers Barnett.
38. *Forest home Benedict.
39. *Warbler of the forest Benedict.
40. *Thoughts of home Benedict.
41. *Welcome Spring Philp.
42. *The noisy mill Paggi.

* These can be had in folio size, with Accompaniment.

LONDON:

HUTCHINGS & ROMER,
9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG, "THOU ART WEARY," WORDS BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR. MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN. SUNG BY MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

"The singer was Miss Antoinette Sterling, who, always heartily admired in those German ballads, for which she exhibits so marked a sympathy, introduced in a group four of Schumann's most graceful contributions to the *Lieder* repertory, and, later in the evening, a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Thou art weary' (set to words by Adelaide Proctor)—one of the most charming recent emanations from the pen of our gifted compatriot."—*The Times*, Nov. 10.

"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard*, Nov. 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard*, Nov. 16.
"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot hear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Nov. 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenaeum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8) of the 'Dichterliebe', and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer*, Nov. 15.

Published in the keys of D minor and F minor, Price 4s.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG, "TENDER AND TRUE," SUNG BY MISS EDITH WYNNE AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

"The vocalist was Miss Edith Wynne, who sang a new song, 'Tender and True,' by Arthur Sullivan, the beauty of which, aided by a most tasteful rendering, elicited an encore."—*Daily Telegraph*, January 13.

"Mr Sullivan's graceful song—a novelty—was rendered by Miss Edith Wynne with much refined expression; and the applause which followed necessitated its entire repetition."—*Daily News*, January 13.
"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

"Miss Edith Wynne, who gave, in her own genuine and expressive manner, a graceful new song, 'Tender and True,' by Mr Arthur Sullivan, which was encored and repeated."—*Graphic*, January 16.

Published in the keys of E flat and F, Price 4s.

CHAPPELL & CO., 50, NEW BOND ST.